DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 8. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1887. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

WAKASA AND AYABE.

A ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

In the year 1854 an English fleet-of-war entered the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan. There was then no treaty between Japan and England. Native troops gathered to watch the new-comers, and Wakasa, their commander, used to sail about in a boat to see that they had no secret communication with the shore. One day Wakasa found in the water a small Testament. He was anxious to know its contents and asked a Dutch interpreter, who said it told about God and Jesus Christ. This made Wakasa still more curious, and he finally sent to Shanghai for a Chinese translation. He returned to his home at Saga and began to study the Testament. He induced his brother Ayabe, with a retainer named Montono and one other man, to join him.

Eight years after, Ayabe came home from Saga to Nagasaki to seek further instruction from Dr. Verbeck, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, who answered his questions. But Ayabe soon left, having received a government appointment; and then Wakasa sent Montono, who had learned to read English. Montono was charged to read over and get explanations from Dr. Verbeck, of those parts of the Testament which they could not understand. For three years this Bible class was kept up, the faithful Montono making the two days' journey and returning to Saga with the desired information.

On the fourteenth of May, 1866, a messenger arrived at the house of Dr. Verbeck, announcing that some high officials from the province of Hizen were about to visit him. At the time appointed the train appeared, and it proved to be Wakasa and his two sons, with Ayabe, Montono, and their attendants. These men had fully believed the gospel and only sought light as to Christian customs and character. They spoke of the love and power of Christ, and finally asked for baptism. They knew perfectly that it was perilous, as the law forbade it; but only asked that it should be done in private, that their lives and those of their families might not be endangered.

Dr. Verbeck told them that they must not suppose baptism would save them, explaining that it was but the outward sign of an inward faith. He also showed them how sacred was the obligation it laid upon them to follow the Lord Jesus in all things. But they were not discouraged, and it was arranged that the three converts should come the next Sunday evening to be received into the fellowship of the Church of Christ. When the time arrived they dismissed their retainers and came to the missionary home, where the shutters had been closed and preparation made for the simple, precious rites of our religion. After some words of exhortation and encouragement they were baptized and received the sacrament. "Now," said Wakasa, "I have what I have long been heartily wishing for He then told the story of the little book he found twelve years before in the harbor of Nagasaki and of all that it had led to. He returned to Saga rejoicing in the love of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

Fourteen years passed away. In April, 1880, there appeared in the congregation at Nagasaki two strangers. One of them was evidently a lady of high rank, the other her attendant. They gave close attention to the service, and after it was over they were introduced. The lady was Wakasa's daughter. She said her father had died eight years before, in firm and joyful hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ. He had faithfully taught her and her nurse about the true God and His Son our Saviour. She had learned the Lord's Prayer and some portions of the Scriptures which her father had written out for her in simple characters. She had married and come to live at Nagasaki, but, as Dr. Verbeck had left, she knew of no Christian or missionary to whom she could go for instruction. So she sent home to Saga for her old nurse, and together they had searched through Nagasaki for a Christian teacher. After some days they found a shop where Bibles were sold. They bought a full supply and learned where a Christian service was held. The next Sunday they appeared among the congregation, as we have before described.

JIMMU, THE FIRST EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

They desired baptism at once, especially as the lady's husband had concluded not to remain in Nagasaki. He came with her to witness the baptism. The old nurse returned to Saga and taught a little school for girls and soon opened a class of women for Bible study. After a time she opened a Sunday-school with the Bible-class women as teachers. There are now about twenty Christians in Saga, and most of them have been brought to Christ through that nurse's efforts. Among them is a son of her master Wakasa.

Her young mistress went to Osaka with her husband, where she soon became a leader in Christian work. When her husband returned from a trip to some island and reported that he had found a people without any religion, she went to the pastor and begged that a teacher might be sent there, and offered to pay half the salary and expenses. She has returned to Nagasaki and is now, with her family, a regular attendant at the church in that place.

Dr. Verbeck is now in Tokio, Japan. One day, recently, he was speaking at a meeting, and at the close a man came to him and said: "I am Ayabe, the brother of Wakasa." Since his baptism he had been in the army, and through all these years had carried the Bible with him, reading it every day. The next day he came bringing his only child, a daughter of fifteen, and asked that she might be baptized. Ayabe's family are now connected with the church in Tokio, and it is his earnest wish to devote the rest of his life to spreading the gospel in Japan.—*Missionary Herald.*

A JAPANESE FAMILY.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.

A nobleman gave a grand supper to a few guests. While they sat at table two masked personages came into the room. They were not larger than children five or six years of age, and represented a lady and gentleman of high rank. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat with gold buttons. His curly wig was powdered snow white, and in his hand he held a fine hat.

The lady was dressed in yellow silk with silver spangles, and had a neat little hat with plumes on her head, and a fan in her hand. Both danced elegantly, and often made agile springs. Everybody said the skill of these children was wonderful. An old officer who sat at the table took an apple and threw it between the gay dancers. Suddenly the little lord and lady rushed for the apple, quarrelled as if they were mad, tore off their masks and head-gear, and instead of the skilful children appeared a pair of ugly apes. All at the table laughed loudly; but the nobleman said, with much earnestness: "Apes and fools may dress as they please; it soon becomes known who they are."—*From the German.*

An Italian Waiter in a London hotel, who had been led to see the sin of his gay life, and to know God, through the preaching of Mr. Moody, was so distressed at his employer's sinful life, that he wrote on a slip of paper and pinned it to his master's pillow: "Oh, dear master, the kingdom of God is at hand, and you are not ready!" Mr. V., finding who had written this, said to the man, "Now, my good fellow, since the kingdom of God is so near, I shall not need you any longer, because you will be wanted there; so go to-night." The poor waiter was ready with an answer, "Ah, sure, you will need me. I am to show you ze way!" For this bold speech the man was sent off at once; but so strongly did the words cling to his late master, that at the end of a week he sent for the man, who became the humble instrument of his salvation.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE SWEEP.

It is a story of long ago, for there are no little sweeps now. No child of the present day ever saw such a thing; but forty years since it was a common sight to anybody who happened to be out early in the morning. There are middle-aged people who can remember how, when they were children, and warm in bed some cold winter morning, they have heard the cry of "swe-e p—swe-e-p" in shrill childish tones sounding through the darkness. Whence did it come? Even from some poor little boy of tender years, dragged from his bed and made to climb the narrow dark chimney, brushing the black soot all the way till he reached the top; then after a minute's rest and a long-drawn cry of "swe-e-p," creeping down again, bruised and bleeding, and perhaps, after all, getting a beating from his master, because he had been too long about it, or had not done it properly. Poor little sweeps! They had a hard life of it; and people actually seemed to think it did not matter; their chimneys must be swept, and only children could do it, and so there was no help for it.

Amongst these sweeps was Carlo. He was not an English boy, and that made his case worse. He had come from Savoy—I am afraid he had been stolen—and, instead of the warmth and bright sunny skies of his native land, he had to live in dirt and misery and hardship as a chimney-sweep's apprentice.

But there was something in his heart which craved for better things. Nobody had ever taught him anything, but he wanted to learn to read; and after he had done his morning's work, he could roam about the streets and look in at the book shops, and wonder if ever the desire of his heart would be granted him.

One summer's day he came in his wanderings to a kind of square, where the boys of some public school were collected together at play. They had thrown their books on the ground, and several were lying open as Carlo passed by. He stopped, and stooped down to look at the strange, unknown characters. Oh, if only he understood them as these boys did! Then the boy whose book he was looking at came up and scolded him, and the poor Savoyard shrank back. But a bright idea struck him. He was a good hand at marbles—it was his only pastime—and his pocket was full of them. He said: "If you will only teach me how to read that book, I will give you a marble for every letter I learn."

This was too good an offer to be refused, and the lessons began. But, alas! the sooty fingers of the little sweep left their traces on the page, and the teacher said he had got in disgrace at school, and could not let him have his book any more. Poor Carlo was sorely disappointed. What was to be done now? Well, he soon thought of something else; he had seen letters on the gravestones in the churchyard, and he asked the boy if he would meet him there for five minutes every day, and teach him from the stones. He did so, and the little sweep who wanted to be a scholar, in due time learned to read a little.

Then came something else to help him on. The son of his master took him with him to the Sunday-school. There he learned to read the Bible; and, more than that, the beautiful Bible words sunk into his heart. And this was one of his favorite verses: "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold" (Psalm lxviii. 13).

Not that he understood exactly what it meant, but he felt something like this as he read: "I suppose pots are black; and if a dove lay among them, she would get her wings black too. But then she'd fly up, and the blacks would all shake up, and the silver and gold feathers would shine out just the same. She was not really any the worse. Perhaps it's the same with me. I'm black and grimy enough outside, I know; but then it's only the outside—God's good Spirit can make me clean and pure inside all the same."

And so He did. God Himself, the Best Teacher, taught the little sweep and led him to Jesus as his Saviour and his Friend. He did not get much farther in earthly learning, because this Friend did something far better for him—He took him to Himself. The boy met with an accident, was taken to the hospital, and died there. So now, in a shining robe instead of sooty garments, and with a heart washed white in the blood of Jesus, the little Savoyard sweep stands before the throne of God. Though once he lay among the pots, there is no dove with such silvery wings as are his now; and all his woes and hardships are forgotten amid the joys of that Happy Land.

And other poor little sweeps; did they go on in their sad life? Oh, no! The dear good Lord Shaftesbury took up their cause; and though he had to toil and talk a long time before he could make people see how cruel it was, and how unnecessary for little children to be chimney-sweeps, yet at last he conquered, and a law was passed that machines should go up the chimneys henceforward, and not infant human beings.—*Child's Companion.*

MUSIC-LOVING ANIMALS.

I once read a pretty story of a Scotch keeper, who when he needed to call the deer together would play upon his bagpipes. The deer, some of them a long distance off, no sooner heard the shrill strains than they at once followed the player, evidently enjoying the music.

We can also tell you about some sheep which loved music. No doubt you have heard of the great musician Haydn; you have listened to some of his well known melodies, and perhaps played them yourselves on the piano or harmonium. Like most great men, Joseph Haydn began to be great when he was a little boy. His father was a German wheelwright, and I daresay never meant him to be anything but a wheelwright too; but he showed such a taste for music, and had so sweet a voice, it was quite clear he was meant for something different. When eight years old he was chosen to be a chorister at St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, and music was henceforward the business of his life. But while he was yet a lad, he and one of his young companions set out on a little tour. There were no railways in those days (for Haydn was born in the year 1752), and they were too poor to go by diligence, so they walked, carrying the few things they wanted in knapsacks. Of course, they could not do without some music, so their flute went with them. They had reached Italy, and while crossing the Apennines sat down to rest. It was hot, and I daresay they were weary, so the flute was brought out to refresh their spirits. The blue Italian sky was overhead, and there were vineyards in the valley below; on the hill-side sheep were feeding, though they hardly noticed them, as Haydn began playing to his friend and himself.

But presently—would you believe it?—first one sheep lifted up its head to listen, then another; then the first drew a little nearer, the second nearer still, till the others all followed and the whole flock stood as if spellbound around Joseph Haydn and his friend. They were much astonished at this very unlooked-for behavior on the part of their dumb companions, and were still more so when they found the sheep entered into the difference between the lively and the sad; for when Haydn played a plaintive air, they drooped their heads in sympathy; and when he changed it to a cheerful strain, they came closer still, and even rubbed against his legs to show their pleasure, and tell him that was what they liked the best.

We should like to tell you a little bit more about Joseph Haydn, which shows that he, like the sheep, preferred the strain that was lively. A friend asked him once, how it was that the church music he composed was always cheerful. "Well, I can't help it," he said, "when my heart is so full of joy. I write according to the thoughts I feel; and when I think upon God, and all His goodness, the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen. Since He has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."—*Child's Companion.*

EARLY FOOTSTEPS.

Toddling right across the floor,
Stays to rest against the door:
"Stay, my baby, do not fall"—
"There he goes against the wall!"
Struggles up, and off again,
Never heeds a little pain;
Pattering on his little feet,
Soon a fancied prize to meet;
Laughing out with childish joy,
When he finds a long lost toy.
Ever wanting something new—
Any bit of thing will do.
Whimpering, laughing, crying out,
Varied with a merry shout;
Filling gaps with childish talk—
Thus my baby learns to walk.

—*Little Friend.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—MAY 8.

THE CHILD MOSES.—EX. 2:1-10.

COMMIT VERSES 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Ps. 121:5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord watches over and prepares his people for their work.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 2:1-10.
T. Ex. 2:11-25.
W. Acts 7:15-30.
Th. Heb. 11:23-28.
F. Matt. 2:1-23.
Sa. Matt. 4:1-11.
Su. Ps. 121:1-8.

TIME.—Moses was born B.C. 1571.

PLACE.—The capital of Egypt was then Zoan (Tanis, in Greek, the *modern* San), near the Tanitic or eastern mouth of the Nile.

MOSES was the son of Amram and Jochebed, of the tribe of Levi. He was born near Zoan, the capital of Egypt. He had a sister Miriam, several years older than himself, and a brother, Aaron, three years older.

INTRODUCTION.—The lesson begins in the midst of Pharaoh's efforts to stop the rapid increase of the Israelites, by severe oppressions, and by destroying all the male infants.

MOSES' TRAINING.—1. AT HOME—in true religion, in the knowledge of God, in morality, in the hopes and promises of God's people. 2. AT COURT—in all the learning of the Egyptians, as we learn from Acts 7:22—literature, geography, engineering, astronomy, architecture, music, arithmetic. He was also "mighty in word and deed," trained in the arts of war and government. 3. BY HIS GREAT CHOICE—described in Heb 11:24-27. He deliberately chose God and his people in poverty and slavery, rather than the court of Pharaoh. Ex. 2:11-13 and Acts 7:23-25 show how he put his decision into action. 4. HE WAS TRAINED IN THE WILDERNESS—by forty years of solitary thought and communion with God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. MAN OF THE HOUSE OF LEVI—Amram, son of Kohath. DAUGHTER OF LEVI—Jochebed. 3. ARK—a covered box or basket. BULRUSHES—papyrus reeds, sewed or woven together. Egyptian paper was made from the papyrus reeds, and hence our work "paper." DAUBED IT WITH SLIME—either asphalt or Nile mud. AND PITCH—to make it watertight. 4. TO WIT—to know. 5. THE DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH—Josephus calls her Thermuthis. She was probably the wife of an under ruler, and had an independent household. THE RIVER—the eastern or Tanitic branch of the Nile, near Zoan, the capital. No crocodiles are found there. 7. SAID HIS SISTER—Miriam, probably twelve or fourteen years old. 9. I WILL GIVE WAGES—thus she became a servant of the princess, and she and the child were safe. 10. BROUGHT HIM TO PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER—at what age, we do not know. BECAME HER SON—was taken to her home, and trained as one of the royal family. MOSES—the word means, one drawn from the water.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How was the Lord making a great nation of the Israelites? In what country were they? What plans did Pharaoh make to stop their rapid increase? With what success?

SUBJECT: TRAINING FOR A USEFUL LIFE.

I. THE EARLY LIFE OF MOSES (vs. 1-8).—When was Moses born? In what country? Of what tribe? What were the names of his parents? (Ex. 6:20.) Tell the story of his childhood. To what danger was he exposed? How did his mother save his life? Who found Moses among the flags and rushes? How did Moses' sister help him? What was her name? (Ex. 15:20.) Why was the name Moses given to this child? (v. 10.)

What marks of a divine Providence do you find in this story? Does the same kind Providence watch over us? (Matt. 10:29-30.) What is the Golden Text? How should this fact make us feel? (1 Cor. 15:10.)

II. HIS HOME TRAINING (vs. 8, 9).—Who became the nurse of Moses? Was this probably planned beforehand? Why was he safer now than before? How would this home training influence Moses' whole career? What would he be taught in this Hebrew home? Are you thankful for your training in religious things?

III. HIS TRAINING AT THE ROYAL COURT (v. 10).—Where did Moses go on leaving his mother? Was Pharaoh's daughter a heathen? With what influences was Moses now surrounded? What temptation would he have? What only could keep him from being spoiled? What was he taught? (Acts 7:22.) In what were the Egyptians learned? How would this help to fit him for his great work? How long did Moses remain at Pharaoh's court? (Acts 7:23.)

IV. HIS TRAINING BY A GREAT DECISION.—What great question came before Moses when he was forty years old? (Heb. 11:24-26.) What would make it hard to decide aright? How did Moses decide? What effect did it have on his life? What was his first act under this decision? (Ex. 2:11-14.) What did he expect? (Acts 7:25.) Was his decision wise? How was it by faith? Do we all have to make a like decision? How have you decided?

V. HIS TRAINING IN THE WILDERNESS.—*Why did Moses leave Egypt?* (Ex. 2:13-15.) Where did he go? What did he do in the wilderness? How long was he there? (Acts 7:30.) What effect did this have upon his fitness to be the deliverer of his people?

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is preparing each one for a good work, and will call us to it in due time.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 3:1-12.
T. Ex. 3:13-22.
W. Ex. 4:1-20.
Th. Acts 26:12-20.
F. Deut. 30:8-20.
Sa. Deut. 32:1-18.
Su. Ps. 115:1-18.

PLACE.—The home of Moses was in the country of the Midianites, probably near Sherm, at the southern point of the peninsula of Arabia. The burning bush was on the Horeb mountains, of which Sinai was one mountain. The bush was on Sinai.

MOSES was born B.C. 1571, in Egypt, near Zoan, the capital. He was brought up as a son of Pharaoh till he was forty years old. The next forty years he lived in the wilderness of Arabia. His wife was Zipporah, daughter of Jethro. He had two sons, Gershom (a stranger here) and Eliezer (God our help).

INTRODUCTION.—When Moses fled from Pharaoh, he came to the southern point of Arabia; and at a well of the Midianites he found seven sisters trying to water their flocks, but driven away by some rude shepherds. Moses always ready to help the weak, took the part of the sisters and aided them to water the sheep. This introduced him to their father, Reuel (Jethro), a priest of Midian. He married one of the daughters, and took care of his father-in-law's sheep for forty years.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. JETHRO—this is the official title, meaning pre-eminence, of Reuel—also called Raguel—a priest of Midian. BACKSIDE OF THE DESERT—the farther side of the wilderness from Jethro's home. The wilderness pastures dried up in the summer, and Moses went up among the Sinai hills for pasture. HOREB—see Place: the region is called Horeb, and a single peak Sinai. 2. THE ANGEL OF THE LORD—God in visible form. BUSH—the thorny acacia, abundant in these mountains. It was a small spreading tree. FLAME OF FIRE—the best natural symbol of God, shining, life-giving, consuming evil, purifying, powerful. BUSH NOT CONSUMED—a type of Israel and the church, in the furnace of affliction, but not destroyed, because God's presence was there. 5. PUT OFF THY SHOES—the Egyptians always took off their shoes, as we do our hats, before entering a temple. It was a sign of reverence. 6. GOD OF ABRAHAM—therefore the one who made the promises to the Israelites. 8. CANAANITES, etc.—the others were mostly the tribes descended from the sons of Canaan. A land that supported so many tribes must be good and large. 11. WHO AM I?—Moses' first difficulty, his personal unworthiness. A single shepherd, what could he do against the most powerful monarch in the world? 12. I WILL BE WITH THEE—God's answer to Moses. God would do the work, not Moses. Moses found three other difficulties in the way. The second difficulty was to convince the people of the authority and nature of God who sent him. The third was to make the people believe that Moses was sent by God. For this he was endowed with the power of working miracles. The fourth was Moses' slowness of speech. To meet this Aaron was associated with him.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a brief outline of Moses early life? How long before this lesson did Moses leave Egypt? Why? Who became Moses' wife? How did he first become acquainted with her? (Ex. 2:15-21.) What are the names of his two sons? (Ex. 2:22; 18:3.)

SUBJECT: OUR CALL FROM GOD TO LIFE'S WORK.

I. THE LONG PREPARATION (v. 1).—What did Moses do in Midian? Who was Jethro? Meaning of "the backside of the desert"? Where was Horeb? What other name is given to these mountains? (19:1.) What were some of the events which took place there? (Ex. 20:1, etc.; 1 Kings 19:8-14.) How long did Moses spend in this region? (Acts 7:30.)

What would you learn of Moses' feelings from the names he gave his two sons? In what ways did Moses' long retirement prepare him for his work, spiritually, mentally, physically, by knowledge of the region? What hints have we of a change wrought in Moses' character? (Compare Acts 7:23-28, with Ex. 3:11.) Give some examples of a similar retirement?

II. THE CALL OF GOD (vs. 2-6).—Who is the angel of the Lord? In what form did he appear to Moses? In what place? In what respects is fire a symbol of God? What is represented by the bush in the flame, but unconsumed? Give an illustration from Daniel. (Dan. 3:23-27.) Why did Moses take off his shoes? What does this teach us to our behavior in the house of God? Why was Moses afraid?

What kind of a bush was this? In what sense was the place "holy ground"? Is one place more holy than another? Why? How may he make all places holy? Why are men afraid in the manifest presence of God?

III.—THE DUTY OF THE HOUR (7-10).—What was the work Moses was called to do? Had God known all these years the afflictions of his people? Can you see how all this time God was preparing the answer to their prayers?

IV. DIFFICULTIES REMOVED (vs. 11, 12).—What difficulties did Moses find in the way? Was the work very great and beyond his power? *How did God remove this difficulty?* What was the second difficulty? (v. 13.) How did God remove this? What was the third difficulty? (4:1.) How was this removed? What was the fourth difficulty? (4:10.) How was this removed? Will God remove all real difficulties in the way of our duty?

LESSON VII.—MAY 15.

THE CALL OF MOSES.—EX. 3:1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will be thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.—Ex. 4:12.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1887.)

6. May 8.—The Child Moses.....Exod. 2:1-10
7. May 15.—The Call of Moses.....Exod. 3:1-12
8. May 22.—The Passover.....Exod. 12:1-14
9. May 29.—The Red Sea.....Exod. 14:19-31
10. June 5.—The Manna.....Exod 16:14-12
11. June 12.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20:1-11
12. June 19.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20:12-21
13. June 26.—Review, Temperance, Lev. 10:1-11, and Missions, Ex. 35:20-29.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A TIMELY PROPOSITION.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

John Heywood sat down to his evening paper, a shade of perplexity on his fine face. Opposite, at the same table his wife was already absorbed with the pages of a new magazine. It would soon have been easily apparent to one observing him, that Mr. Heywood's mind was distracted, and his thoughts by no means fixed on the columns before him. Once in a while he would glance at the fair face opposite as if about to make some remark, then his eyes would again rest with an absent expression on the evening paper.

For fully five minutes the gentleman regarded one particular line without actually seeing a single word, then he said in a quiet, distinct voice:

"Isabel, I received a letter from Aunt Amy this morning, and the old house is sold at last."

A perceptible shade stole over his wife's face, but she only said in a questioning tone, "Well?"

It evidently was with some effort Mr. Heywood continued.

"You know, Bell, Aunt May actually mothered me with all the tenderness and patience imaginable at a time when I sorely needed both love and consideration."

"Well, what do you think best to do?"

If only Mrs. Heywood would have helped her kind husband by a hint of willingness to fall in with his wishes whatever they might be, it would have been worth much to him, as it was, however, any proposition he had to make must come entirely unaided from his own lips.

But do not judge her hastily. She surmised readily enough what was passing in her husband's mind, but they had been only a year married, and not only did she dread having a third person share their cosy home, but on more than one occasion of late, Mr. Heywood had hinted good-naturedly that they must exercise caution lest their expenses exceed their income. So why should he burden himself still farther in that direction, for every one must count.

Mr. Heywood ventured a considerate inquiry:

"I suppose, Bell, you would dread having her come to us?"

"Why, I hardly see how she can, John. You feel our expenses now are greater than they should be. We have to pay four dollars a week to keep a decent cook in the kitchen, and I've dreaded to tell you, but Ann is threatening to leave unless I'll give her four and a half. She declares other ladies are eagerly waiting to secure her services the moment we let her go. Then we've but one spare room."

"Oh, Aunt Amy would occupy one of the upper rooms and furnish it herself," said Mr. Heywood. "She always wants her fine old mahogany set wherever she is. As to Ann, let her leave if she wants to, there are always good servants to be found—"

"Oh, John," his wife burst in impetuously, "don't for pity's sake say, 'let her leave,' so unconcernedly! If you only knew the trial and vexation of finding a girl who really understands cooking! You surely haven't forgotten the abominable bread, the wretched coffee, and the half-cooked meat we've been obliged to make the best of several times."

Then she added more patiently, "I'm sorry I know so little about cooking myself, but I could not teach school and learn to cook at the same time, and I'm not so very old yet."

The sweet face had an appealing look not lost upon the loving listener and he hastened to assure her she was the best and dearest little wife in the world, and so the conversation took on a pleasanter tone until finally Isabel consented cheerfully to have Aunt Amy sent for, to make a good long visit, and bring her chamber set if she liked.

Such a wise, judicious creature as she was, this Aunt Amy! Of course she saw the shameful waste going on in her nephew's kitchen, saw what a slave the pretty and really accomplished young wife was to the strong willed, hot-tempered Ann, who, not content with having had her wages fixed at four dollars and a half a week, threatened to leave on every pretended provocation. But not a word escaped the lips of Aunt Amy Heywood. She only watched the opportunity she knew was marching on, and pretty soon it came.

One morning Mrs. Heywood went into the kitchen, and putting on a winning smile, said coaxingly:

"Come, Ann, now here's a chance to do your prettiest! Mr. Heywood expects four gentlemen to dine with him to-night. I should have spoken of it yesterday," she added with nervous haste, "only I did not know it until last night myself, but we won't have any lunch to speak of, auntie and I will just take a bite of any thing at noon, and one of your nice dinners will be satisfying enough for one day."

But the fiery functionary she addressed, was not to be won over by either flattery or smiles.

"Faith!" she cried, confronting her mistress with a defiant glare, "faith, an' is it meself ye expects will be gittin' up a gran' dinner for a parcel o' exthra min-folks as imself chooses to ax to the house, wid niver a worred 'til jist fornist the nixt male to be got? First there comes an ole maid mistress o' an aunt wid all her exthra worruk, thin its four min comes nixt to be fed all to oncet, an' it's niver a han' nor a feet I'll put to worruk widout exthra pay whin the dinner's got!"

All Isabel Heywood's independent, womanly spirit was roused within her as she said deliberately, but with flashing eyes:

"Go then! Go at once! You'll have not one cent of extra pay for doing as I bid you; and if you can get four dollars and a half a week elsewhere in a family of only three persons, and one a lady who will not allow you to do a piece of her washing or even to make her bed, you are free to do so, now go, immediately!"

With the last words she left the kitchen, and going to the sitting-room she paused appalled. Aunt Amy looked with soft, quiet eyes at the flushed face, but forebore asking any questions. In a moment, Isabel spoke, her voice trembling and worried.

"Oh, auntie, what do you think I've done?"

"What, dear?"

"Why I've actually told Ann to go, and four gentlemen coming to dine to-night! What shall I do?"

An amused little laugh broke from Aunt Amy. "Why, let her go." She said.

"But those gentlemen, Aunt Amy, and that dinner! John expects everything will be in apple pie order, I know."

"Why, bless your heart, child, I'll get the dinner."

"But, auntie, there'll be soup to make and fowls to dress, and vegetables to prepare, and dessert to plan, dear, dear!"

But Aunt Amy, in her even, reassuring tones replied:

"My little dear, I've made more soups and dressed more fowls and cooked more vegetables and stirred up more puddings and arranged more dishes of fruit than you could count in—oh, ever so long a time. Now don't distress yourself a moment. Wouldn't that pretty colored woman you gave the dress to yesterday come in and help, and wait on table? I remember she said if she could ever serve you in any way she would be very thankful to."

"Oh, yes, auntie, that's the very thing?" exclaimed Isabel, her face radiant with relief, "but it's too bad," she added, thoughtfully, "to let you cook and stew over the fire all day."

"Nonsense, child, to tell the truth I've perfectly longed to do something of the kind, now we'll go about preparing for to-night, and to-morrow I've something nice to propose to you."

Just at that moment the rubicund face of Ann, the cook, appeared at the door as she said, blandly:

"Faith, thin! it's the nice temptin' lot o' things as has jis come from the market; an' will yerself plase to come down an' see is everythin' right afore I begins me pripirations."

"Yes, I'll come down," said Mrs. Heywood coolly, and not appearing to notice the broad smile on cook's coarse features.

As the heavy footfalls receded over the stairs Isabel said:

"Now you see, she's thought better of it, would you let her stay, auntie?"

"No, my dear, by no means. It is high time you were mistress in your own house; tell her calmly, but decidedly, you want her services no longer, I'll see you nicely through with John's company, see if I don't."

There was a stormy scene in the kitchen, but Mrs. Heywood maintained a pretty dignity throughout. Ann made unheard of concessions, but all of no avail, and finally the baffled woman, who in reality knew not where to go, went sullenly to her room to pack her trunk, cursing her own stupid folly in putting herself out of the best place she ever had.

The dinner was splendid. And it was a day of real enjoyment to kind-hearted Isabel, watching the deft, skilful movements of Aunt Amy, who, without seeming anxious or hurried in the least, was engaged in preparing so many different dishes at the same time. Once while she was sitting down to beat up a meringue under Aunt Amy's direction, Isabel said laughingly:

"I'm terribly curious to know what you're going to propose to me, to-morrow, that will be so nice."

"Want me to tell you now?" asked Aunt Amy.

"Oh, dreadfully!"

"Well, I want terribly," began Aunt Amy, imitating Isabel's eager manner, "to make a 'dreadfully' nice little cook of you. If I was such a nice little wife," she went on more soberly, "as you are in other respects, I wouldn't allow myself to be at the mercy of such a person as the one who has just flounced off. Your housekeeping, apart from the requirements of the table, is neatness itself, and it would take but a comparatively little while for you to learn to make raised bread, light and tender, delicious biscuit, delicate cake, tempting soups, the best of coffee, salads, and all such things, as well as how to cook meats, vegetables, and to prepare a variety of desserts, pies, puddings and all. You see, child," she added, affectionately, "I've lived long enough to realize how dependent sooner or later we must become at many times upon ourselves alone, for practical knowledge of these useful duties, upon the proper performance of which depends so much of real comfort and enjoyment in the home. Now it's troubled me not a little to think of being a burden on you and my boy, John." Isabel would have spoken, but Aunt Amy put up her hand and went on. "But I see, dear child, just where you can save hundreds of dollars a year by superintending matters yourself in the kitchen and knowing how to assist in preparing the meals, especially when company is expected and nice cooking is wanted. Now suppose you and I get along for six months without any regular servant at all.

This is my proposition. I suppose it seems almost dreadful to you; but that pretty colored woman would be glad to do your washing, ironing and scrubbing, and our lessons and instructions could go on much more uniformly and thoroughly if we were by ourselves most of the time.

I really like to wash dishes, so you needn't do that at all, unless you prefer, but it would be useful, perhaps, for you to notice what an old housekeeper has learned is the best way to perform even that homely duty. I am afraid Ann's silver and glasses were quite as likely to come last on the list as her kettles and pans."

"And I'm sure mine would be likely to for all I'd know any better," giggled Isabel, "but I think," she added soberly, "your proposition is beautiful—do you know," she said, quickly interrupting herself as she was seized with a sudden confiding spirit towards her kindly companion—"John has quite worried over his expenses lately, and I shall be only too glad to dispense with such extravagant girls as I felt obliged to keep."

"I think," said Aunt Amy, "that at the end of our six months' trial you would find it the most agreeable and economical plan to hire a girl at moderate wages to do the housework and plain cooking, and attend to the nice cooking yourself. You little know how much enjoyment it will prove, having confidence in your own ability to prepare easily your own and John's favorite dishes. But I must stir the soup again, and peep at the chickens, that egg and sugar is beaten sufficiently, and the vegetables are about ready to set back. Yes, and here comes the colored woman; everything is fast approaching apple pie order."

Six months from that time John Heywood had been complimenting his wife upon the excellent dinner she had prepared almost entirely herself, when the minister and his wife and a few other friends had been their guests. A sudden attack of rheumatism had confined dear Aunt Amy to her room, but her bright pupil had been equal to the emergency.

In reply to her husband's gratified expressions of praise, she replied:

"I can't begin to tell you how I enjoy feeling myself mistress of the situation in my own house; it seems quite like another life to be entirely independent of 'first class cooks,' such as are hired for wages. Dear Aunt Amy, to think I dreaded her coming to us, and what a comfort and blessing she has been, I only hope she will long be spared to aid and cheer us."

And she was. In after years as the bright faces of little children increased around the hearthstone, kind, efficient Aunt Amy was always ready to direct or act, as she was needed, and John Heywood and his wife, Isabel, were only too glad to retain in their prosperous home the kind old lady to whom they always felt themselves deeply indebted for more than one timely proposition.—*Household.*

RECIPES.

DARK LOAF CAKE.—*Ingredients: Two and a* quarter cupfuls of flour, one cupful of brown sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of raisins, half a cupful of molasses, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. Cream the butter and sugar, put with them the yolks, beaten light, then add the milk and beat very hard before putting in the flour, into which the cream of tartar and soda should have been previously sifted; beat again, add the spice and whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, then the molasses, and lastly the raisins, which have been seeded. *Bake in buttered tins in a moderate oven. This is an old-fashioned and capital cake.*

ROLY-POLY.—The "men-folk," are very fond of roly-poly puddings, and I make them almost entirely for puddings, during the season of berries and fruit, beginning with rhubarb and ending with apple, and they consider the last one equally as good as the first. These puddings are made very easily. I take one quart of flour, a pinch of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifting all together into the bread bowl. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water, filling the cup with sweet milk, then rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into the flour and mix with the milk, adding a little at a time until thick enough to roll, roll it out about twelve inches wide and twenty-four inches long. After spreading it with berries or fruit, begin at one end and roll it over and over, until you have a large roll, press the edges well together, place in a cloth and steam one hour. We eat maple syrup or sugar and cream with ours.—*Household.*

BEEF CHEESE.—This is a most convenient dish to have in a house where, sometimes, a meal has to be served in a hurry; or, if a lunch has to be taken either to business or school, nothing can be nicer, or more easily got ready, than slices of beef cheese, cut thin, and made into sandwiches between slices of buttered bread. To make the cheese, proceed as follows: Take three pounds of lean beef, from any fleshy part of the animal, with half a pound of veal and half a pound of lean, uncooked ham, and mince them together as finely as possible. Cut half a pound of fat bacon into small dice, and mix it with the minced meat. Season pleasantly with salt, pepper, finely-chopped parsley, powdered cloves, and grated lemon rind. Grease thoroughly a plain, pretty tin mould, press the seasoned meat rather firmly into it, just moisten it with strong, nicely-flavored stock, and bake it in a slow oven four hours. Let it stand over night to stiffen and get thoroughly cold, then turn it out and garnish prettily with a border of fresh parsley. It is surprising how very economical beef is when cooked in this fashion. We find over here that a little bit of it "goes a long way."

PUZZLES.

INITIAL CHANGES.

I am what they try to do, who aim;
Now change my head, and I oft win fame.
Again, and I am of a bridle;
Again, and I may make some seem idle;
Once more, and I'm a hole in the ground,
Or else a substance that's hard and round,
Again, I'm a word that's sometimes heard
As meaning rest to a flying bird;
Again, I'm both a cat and a fiddle,
And that is the end of this easy riddle.

CHARADE.

My first is a word that means *not out*,
My second will take you all about,
My whole is hidden under your boot,
Yet you never can trample it under your foot.
My first is in Frank, but not in Joe;
My second's in deer but not in doe;
My third is in infant but not in child;
My fourth is in gentle but not in mild;
My fifth is in cat but not in dog;
My sixth is in hole but not in bog.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Penmanship.

ODD PUZZLE.

Ragman.
Manor.
Orbit.
Bitten.
Tendon.
Donkey.

Snowball.

The Family Circle.

THE BLIND MAN'S CREED.

He stood before the Sanhedrim,
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
He recked not of their praise or blame,
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear
To let him waste his new gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned—Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind,
—"And I am He;
For I was blind, but now I see."

He told the story o'er and o'er,
It was his full heart's only lore.
A Prophet on the Sabbath Day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay
And made him see, who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind,
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred fathom rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide,
They could not touch his Hebrew pride.
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and harmless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

"I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint, but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see."

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town.
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries.
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.

The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was poor, unlearned, and humbly born,
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath Day,
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

JOHN HAY.

—*Word and Work.*

"OUT OF THE WAY THROUGH STRONG DRINK."

"That was a fine sermon, Herbert! a master-piece of eloquence and forceful teaching combined," said Mrs. Green to her husband as they walked home one Sunday *morning after service* A look of pain crossed the good deacon's face and he answered:

"I have news which will surprise you, Mary. My own suspicion and that of my brother deacons has been fully confirmed this morning."

"What suspicion?" asked Mrs. Green, looking startled.

"That our pastor has for some time past given way to the allurements of strong drink."

"Oh! that is too dreadful, it cannot be true; so good, devoted, and holy a man as I have always thought him!"

"It is undoubtedly true. Unfortunately, drink spares none, and the more noble and exalted its victims, the more sure and complete is their downfall. It will seem incredible to you, but the truth is, that Mr. Harris preached this morning under the influence of liquor. He had been drinking before he came into the vestry, and was trembling and scarce able to stand. He said he had been suffering with neuralgia, and asked for a glass of wine to steady his nerves. I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Harris, but it is painfully apparent that you have already indulged too freely in stimulant." He looked convicted, and covered his face, but presently stammered out something about his excessive intellectual labors compelling him to resort to alcohol. Mr. Shaw then said, 'We would far rather listen to simpler preaching, Mr. Harris, than know that your brilliant discourses are composed and delivered under the stimulus of wine.' He promised to be more careful in the future, but declared that it was quite impossible for him to face the large congregation unless he could gain a little self-command; and truly he was in a pitiable condition. It was close upon service time, and there was no alternative but to give him more wine. To my surprise, immediately afterwards he mounted the pulpit stairs steadily, and conducted the service, as you know, with the utmost propriety. But we are resolved that he must either give up the practice of taking stimulants or leave his charge."

"Oh! Herbert, I am overwhelmed. Mr. Harris has helped me in my spiritual life as no one else has, and it seems impossible that he could give way to any such awful sin as that of drunkenness," and Mrs. Green dashed away the tears of sympathy that had fallen, and resolved to hope and pray that her beloved pastor might break from the fatal habit which was making him its victim. But months went by, and Mr. Harris was found to be indulging in still deeper excess until the story of his downfall was upon every lip. Again and again he vowed reformation, and before God and his people humbled himself; but he lacked the needful courage to put the poisonous cup entirely away. "I must take a little, only a little," he said, and that little asserted its power to entice and ensnare continually.

Couched in terms of Christian sympathy and forbearance his dismissal from the flock, over whom for long years he had so tenderly watched, came at length. He was sitting in his study bending over it in remorse and shame when a knock was heard at his door, and a brother minister entered.

"Just in time to witness my degradation," he exclaimed bitterly. "Look here, Shafton! It has come to this! What will become of my wife and children now?"

The Rev. Ernest Shafton laid his hand upon the shoulder of his brother, perused in silence the official paper before him, and then walked to the window. Deeply cogitating, he stood there for some time, while Mr. Harris's face grew heavier, and he muttered, "Turned against me like every one else; well, it's my own doing."

"Harris," said Mr. Shafton, suddenly turning, "do you know what this means for you, my poor fellow?"

"Ruin, I suppose," was the gloomy answer.

"Ay, ruin for time and eternity—having preached to others to become yourself a castaway; but you will not suffer alone, Harris. Your gentle refined wife will be plunged from comfort to penury; your beautiful promising children will know the cruel shifts of poverty, will hear their father's name uttered in accents of contempt by a scoffing world, will watch his downward career with fear and loathing, and yet, oh! mark my words, will probably follow in his footsteps, drag out miserable existences, and be laid eventually in drunkards' graves."

"God forbid! God forbid! anything but that," exclaimed the horrified minister, rising and pacing the room in agitation.

"I repeat it, Harris! you are paving your children's road to ruin. Come, I have a proposal to make. By God's help, I will save you if you will let me."

"Do what you will, I am ready to submit to anything," groaned the trembling man.

"I will use all my influence to change this dismissal into a long suspension of duties—meanwhile, you shall leave your home and come and stay with me, and I will stand beside you while you fight in God's strength against your foe; but, my brother, you must pledge yourself to abstain from all intoxicants, now and for ever. Your upward struggle must be commenced with that determination. Say, are you resolved, for the sake of your wife and children, and your own eternal happiness, to put the accursed thing beneath your feet?"

There was a solemn pause, and in the silence a woman's step crossed the floor, and gentle hands twined round the erring man's neck.

"Mysie, help me, decide for me now," he cried.

Quietly Earnest Shafton repeated his proposal to the wife, asking if she would second his efforts to save her husband, by her willing consent to leave him in the care of his friend for a year, or longer if needful, until his reformation was effected.

"A year, did you say? a lifetime if necessary," was the instant reply. Stooping to her husband's ear she murmured, "Go, my Henry, and in God's strength fight and conquer. Let no regretful thought turn towards me, for I shall be content,

'While thee I see
Living to God, thou art alive to me!'

"You are an angel, Mysie?" exclaimed the man, holding his wife's hand and falling on his knees. Cries for forgiveness for the past and help for the future broke from him as he knelt, and his prayer was heard and answered. In years that followed he looked back upon that memorable hour as the turning point in his history, and thanked God for the friendly hand that was reached out to save a brother from the abyss which yawned at his feet. Once again he filled an honored position as the pastor of a large and influential church. Once again he passed in and out of the houses of the people, that beloved friend and ready helper of rich and poor, but in addition to former labors he became everywhere known as the advocate of total abstinence for young and old, and so persistent were his efforts in this direction that many of the deacons and influential men of his church became rigid adherents to the good cause.

"Sir," said one upon whom all the pastor's arguments had apparently been wasted; "Mr. Harris, why can't you let us non-abstainers alone? Let us go our way, and we will accord you the same liberty of action." Mr. Harris's brow clouded with some painful recollection, and he said with much feeling:

"You compel me to refer to the past. Allow me very tenderly, but faithfully to remind you, that you did not accord me 'liberty of action' in times gone by."

"What do you mean?" inquired the astonished deacon.

"Forgive me for seeming to be ungrateful for the kindness which alone prompted you, but, oh, my dear friend, remember how in years that, thank God, are past, you and your brother deacons, equally hospitable and kind-hearted, never allowed me to decline your offers of wine or spirits. If I paid you a call before preaching, you insisted that I needed to be stimulated for my work, and pressed me to accept the best wine your cellars could supply. If I dropped in on my way home, I was sure to be looking white and exhausted, and must therefore take just one glass to restore my energies. Heat and cold, rain and sunshine, joy and sorrow, all afforded you an excuse for compelling me to partake of the fatal cup. Your wines found their way to my own table in abundance. Many a time I sought to refuse your false kindness, but you know how deeply I should have grieved you if I had not accepted your hospitality. From the day I first entered upon my pastorate as a moderate drinker, I felt that it was considered a personal slight if I visited any house and refused the proffered wine. Can you wonder that I grew to feel it a necessity? that presently I stumbled and fell, and for a time was out of the way through strong drink? Oh! my brother, let me beg that, if you cannot banish intoxicants from your home, you will, at least, refrain from pressing them upon others, lest you cause a weaker brother to offend."

Deeply agitated, the deacon wrung his pastor's hand, abruptly leaving him with the broken words, "Forgive me—I—didn't mean—didn't know—you've won me over—at last."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. Green in alarmed tones, as a few minutes later her husband entered the room where she was working, and throwing himself into a chair covered his face with his hands. The deacon only groaned.

"Surely there is nothing wrong with our minister again," said his wife, knowing that her husband had been recently in the company of Mr. Harris.

"No, no! and if so, I, and such as I, would have been to blame, as we were years ago, God forgive us!" Mrs. Green looked at her husband, half-believing that under some sudden strain his mind had lost its balance.

"What do you mean? It was Mr. Harris's own fault that he gave way to drink, and you should remember that you and his other deacons were faithful in your constant warnings, and long-suffering with him beyond what might have been expected."

"We, and only we, caused his downfall, and then reproached him for the disgrace he had brought upon our church," gloomily responded the deacon.

"You are speaking in enigmas; do explain yourself, Herbert," urged his wife half-impatiently.

In answer Mr. Green repeated the words of his pastor, which had made so deep an impression upon his mind. When he finished he looked up to find his wife's tears dropping upon the work that had fallen from her hands. "Oh, how guilty we have been, Herbert! Well do I remember how persistent I always was in my offers of stimulant to our minister in years gone by, and when he declined I pretended to be hurt, and said he must not refuse anything a lady offered, for she would be sure to know what was good for her guests; and then when I conquered and he reluctantly took the glass from my hands, I felt so exultant, and all the while I was luring him on to his ruin, which might have been eternal." Mrs. Green broke down utterly, and there was a suspicious huskiness in her husband's voice as he spoke:

"Yes, we are indeed guilty, and we may have been no less so in many other instances. Verily, the blood of souls is on our garments. Mary, what shall we do?"

"Can you ask, Herbert!" sobbed Mrs. Green; "I don't mind how inhospitable it may appear, but I am resolved never again to offer stimulants to our guests, lest I make the same fatal mistake."

"That is well said, my dear, but—but—shall we agree to refrain from offering intoxicants to callers, and the visitors who occasionally sit at our table, lest we place temptation in their way, while every day those dearer than our life sit and partake with us of the cup which I now believe to possess such fatal allurements? If we have decided no longer to tempt our guests, shall we continue to tempt our innocent little children, to whom we stand in their early years as their sole medium of light and knowledge? Think, Mary, if a few years hence one of our boys could truthfully say to us what our pastor has just said."

"Don't say any more; I cant bear it, Herbert." For a few moments there was silence in the room. Then Mrs Green spoke again:

"There is only one step to be taken; from this day all intoxicants must be banished from our home. Neither our children nor our friends shall ever have further opportunity afforded of stumbling over our well-meaning but cruel kindness. God, who knows how blindly and ignorantly we have sinned in the past, will surely extend His forgiving mercy to us, and help us in the future to wage successful battle against this subtle foe who has had till now his acknowledged place in our home."

"Thank God for that decision; my heart already feels lighter. From this time I will take my stand beside Mr. Harris in his noble temperance work, and so far as I can, help to repair the wrong we have done him. May God speed our efforts!"

"Amen!" reverently whispered Mrs. Green.—*Scottish Temperance League.*

"HADN'T YOU BETTER TAKE A SHEEP, TOO?"

A valued friend and able farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I shall try and have my work done this year without rum. How much must I give you to do without it?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it. You may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "in the autumn I will give you a sheep if you do without rum."

"Agreed."

"Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I do without rum?" asked the eldest son.

"Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son then said, "If I do without, father, will you give me a sheep?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep, too."

Presently, Chandler speaks once more:—

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too!"

The farmer shook his head; he hardly thought that he could give up the "critter" yet; but the appeal came from a source not easily to be disregarded, and the result was that the demon rum was thenceforward banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

A FACTORY GIRL, ignorant, but earnestly desiring to know the Lord, said the other day to the Christian lady who had been instructing her, "I says to Him this mornin', 'I'm coom again; this job's too big for me, Thou mun put Thy han' to't.'"

A STRANGE USE OF A STOOL.

A TRUE STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The following narrative refers to a time long ago, when the laws of France prohibited the reading of the Scriptures, not only in public assemblies, but also in secret; and when to be seen perusing the Sacred Scriptures exposed one to be informed against and cruelly punished.

But many thousands of the French people loved the Bible, and took means to secure an occasional reading of it. Among these faithful ones there was a family who adopted a very ingenious method of securing access to their sacred eluding the suspicions of their treasure, and at the same time enemies. They possessed a footstool, over which they exercised a peculiar and jealous care.

When strangers were present in the house it was set aside out of the way, where it could not attract attention; but when the family was alone it was often used. Sometimes the father would take it upon his knees, and, turning it upside down, bend over it with the deepest interest. Sometimes the mother would place it in her lap, and gaze at it with deep emotion, as though it were her darling child.

Under the footstool a copy of the Holy Scriptures was secured in such a way that, while the footstool was in its proper position, the Bible was out of sight; but when the footstool was reversed the leaves of the hidden book could be turned over and read from beginning to end

This book was the prized treasure and comfort of the family. It told them of a Friend who was near them at all times, One who was able to save them in every danger, and help them in every distress. It told them of a beautiful land, where sin and sorrow are unknown; where sickness and death cannot come. It offered them sure guidance in every perplexity, comfort in every trouble, and protection from all evil. It taught them how the darkest path may be made bright, and the hardest duty made easy; how sorrow can be turned into joy, weakness into strength, and poverty into riches.

These good people loved their country and their home; but they loved the Saviour more, and the Book in which He is revealed and the will of God made known; and they longed for liberty to read it openly and worship God as the Bible teaches. But these blessings were denied them in fair and lovely but priest-ridden France; and it was with feelings of deep interest they heard of a land far away in the West, across the broad Atlantic, where the poorest man might pray aloud in his own words to the great Father in heaven, without fear of cruel soldiers or more cruel priests; where the Bible might be read openly, and the Saviour served according to the teaching of His own Word.

It cost them a severe struggle; but faith was stronger than all mere sentiments orties of kindred; and they resolved to seek the distant shores of America. So they left the pleasant vineyards and the green vales of their native France, and found a home across the ocean. In the land of their adoption they received a welcome, and, under God's blessing, took root and prospered.

In their new home the Bible was no longer hidden in the footstool; but it was still treasured; and the volume has been handed down to their posterity in remembrance of their privations and sufferings in their native land, the family owning the book living a few years since in Western Pennsylvania —*Child's Companion.*

SOMETIMES THE FATHER WOULD TAKE THE STOOL UPON HIS KNEES.

THAT PLAID DRESS.

Jennie Hunt was a bright, good-natured, sensible girl. Her brother, Rob, once said of her: "Jennie isn't always making a fuss about things; she believes in having a good time, and doesn't spoil it all by fretting, like some girls." But one day there was plainly a cloud upon Jennie's face. What could be the matter? Every one at the breakfast-table wondered, but nothing was said about it until Jennie was left alone with her mother, when the trouble was revealed.

"Mother," she said, "don't you think you can manage in some way to get me a new dress? I am so tired of the plaid one."

"Why, Jennie," replied her mother, "I was thinking the last time you wore it, how fresh and pretty it still looked."

"Oh, to be sure," remarked Jennie impatiently, "but all the other girls wear pretty plain-colored dresses; and, actually, mother, they know me by that one plaid one. When I went to Gertie's tea-party, yesterday, I heard two of the girls say, 'There comes Jennie Hunt; I know her by her plaid dress.' You see plaids are all out of fashion, and there isn't another single girl in our set who wears a dress anything like it; and it makes me feel ashamed."

Mrs. Hunt smiled at little Jennie's eagerness; then, kissing her affectionately, said, "Watch, and see if you cannot find that there are other things by which girls are sometimes known, which are more undesirable than even a plaid dress."

Jennie went off to school thinking of her mother's words. Of course she felt better already. She always found that her troubles were half cured when she had poured them into her mother's ready ear; perhaps this is the reason that the clouds so seldom settled in the girl's face. She did not quite understand what her mother meant, but resolved to be on the watch.

Her most intimate friend, Mollie Downs, came to meet her before reaching the schoolhouse, and while in the ante-room removing their wraps they could hear the sound of many voices in talk and laughter from the large room where the scholars were assembling for the morning exercises

"Ida Howells is there, I know," said Mollie. "I can tell her by that silly laugh. I hopel never giggle as she does."

"Yes," replied Jennie, "and that loud voice belongs to Maggie Smith It is too bad she talks so loud; she is a nice girl but people think her rude and coarse because she will speak in such high tones

As they joined the group in the school room a quick thought flashed into Jennie's mind: "That is what mamma meant. It is better to be known by a plaid dress than by these things."

Soon the bell rang, and in the hours that followed only once was there a reminder of the plaid dress. When the writing exercises were returned to the girls she heard the teacher say in a low tone to the pupil whose seat was directly behind her own "I am sorry to see that you are still so careless with your penmanship. It is not necessary for you to affix your name to your exercise. I always know it from the others by its untidy appearance."

"Well," thought Jennie, "there it is again. I wonder if I am known by any disagreeable traits. I don't believe I am." But, now that her eyes were open to observe herself, it was not many days before she discovered that there was one glaring fault which distinguished her from other girls. It was commonly understood that anything described by Jennie Hunt was a little more highly colored than it would be by any one else. "Did Jennie Hunt tell you that? Well, you know she is so apt to get things a little twisted," she heard one say; and again, "I don't believe it was quite so bad; Jennie exaggerates so, you know."

This was a serious revelation to our light-hearted, easy-going Jennie, and resulted in more than one thoughtful mood, in which she meditated upon her failing. She found that it was her eagerness to create excitement and surprise among her companions that led her into the habit, and she was shocked to recall how inaccurate she had sometimes been, with no thought of being so, for Jennie loved the truth, and would never have willingly departed from it in the least.

"If I have to be marked by that plaid dress when out with the girls," she said to herself, "I will not be known by this ridiculous fault," and she set to work with a will to overcome it. It was then that she realized what a strength the habit had gained, and she was often discouraged to find herself tempted and overcome. But she found, too, that school-girls are just as quick to discern noble and pleasing characteristics.

"That is Mary Foote's desk; no one else's ever looks so nice," was the comment one day to a visitor. Then, when the lonely French teacher was so pleased and touched by an act of kind attention from one of her class, the general verdict was rendered, "It must have been Ada; no other girl would have thought of it."

Was it strange that, while studying character in this way, and finding herself so weak to overcome what had seemed a foolish trifling habit, Jennie should be led to study more closely than ever before the character of Jesus Christ, the Perfect One, and to seek His help to make her own more true and lovable? Thus it was, and before a pretty new dress was ready to be worn her mother's prayers were answered, and Jennie was seeking to be known in her daily living, first of all, as a loving and faithful follower of her Lord and Saviour.—*Congregationalist.*

BRING THEM TO CHURCH.

In country places where many find it difficult to get to church regularly a useful suggestion may be found in the following extract from a minister's letter in a Chicago paper. At the close of a service of more than ordinary interest, I took occasion to make the following remark: "I never could understand why Christian people owning horses and waggons do not more frequently use them by carrying people to the house of God. I notice that some of those present have excellent teams and roomy conveyances. I therefore exhort such, to gather up a load of non-church-goers in their neighborhood, and bring them into the church tomorrow evening. There are no doubt many here who would come, but they cannot walk that distance and return after service."

On the next evening, just as I was beginning the service, in my church, I heard an unusual clatter at the church-door. When I looked out there stood a large country waggon, drawn by four stout horses, and on the waggon was a large frame such as is used for carrying tomatoes to market, and upon this frame sat twenty-two people, including the old German driver and owner of the outfit. He responded to my invitation and gathered up his neighbors and brought them to this service. No one of the number was a professing Christian, except the driver, who belonged to a German Reformed church in the Fatherland. All listened with much attention to the preaching of the word, and when the invitation was given all accepted it and came forward asking the prayers of God's people. How many who drive to religious services have at least one vacant seat in their carriage which might be occupied by some non-church-goer. Try it, brethren, and the blessing of God will be upon the effort.

ONE who claims to have counted, says there are in the Bible 3,536,483 letters, 773,793 words, 31,373 verses, and 1,189 chapters.

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued).*

Canon Percival was a bachelor, and till Dorothy came he had never had much to do with children. His friends pitied him, and said that for the most part children were noisy and troublesome, and that he would find the peace of his house disturbed. But Dorothy—Dorothy Dormouse, as he liked to call her—set these preconceived notions at defiance. She was *quiet and gentle*, and she and her Uncle Cranstone—Crannie, as she called him—were great friends. She would sit on one of the red leather chairs by her uncle, at his great writing table, and draw pictures by the hour, of birds, and butterflies, and flowers; and portraits, too—of Miss Belinda, and Puff and Muff, and even of her uncle himself. Then she would walk with him to the service in the cathedral, and sit demure and quiet while the prayers were said and the organ rolled its waves of music overhead.

The Canon's little niece was a great favorite with the old vergers, though they would say, one to the other, that she was too wise and knowing for a little one.

"It all comes of being with old people. There ain't enough of young life about her. It's a thousand pities she has not some playmate."

So it seemed, you see, a general opinion that Dorothy wanted companions; and when she got to the sunny South the companions were ready for her.

But it took some time to prepare for flight. People can get to the south of France and Italy very quickly, it is true; but they are not like the swallows, who don't want any luggage, and fly with no encumbrance.

Ingleby's preparations were very extensive indeed, and Dorothy had also a great deal in hand. She had to put Barton Hall in order, for one thing, and to put up a notice on the door that this house was to let furnished. Then Belinda had to have a little travelling ulster and warm hat, like her mistress's, and Puff and Muff had to be settled comfortably in their new quarters; for though they did not sleep in the nursery they were there all day, and were carried about the house by their little mistress, while Nino trotted behind. The preparations were an amusement to Dorothy, and she began to feel that if anything prevented her going to the sunny South, she would feel sorry and disappointed after all!

Ingleby grew more and more serious as the time drew near. She murmured a good deal about "foreign parts," and once Dorothy felt sure she heard her say something about going away to die. Could these words possibly refer to her mother? Poor little girl! She had lived so securely with her mother, and had never been accustomed to think of her as apart from her own comfort and pleasure, that a sharp pain shot through her heart as she heard Ingleby's murmured words.

Once, too, when Ingleby thought she was asleep in the inner nursery, she heard her talking in low tones to the housemaid.

"The child has no notion that her mamma is so ill. Child-like!" said Ingleby.

"Well, I don't call it child-like," was the reply. "Miss Dorothy is not child-like; she is just eaten up with herself."

"She is as dear a lamb as you could find anywhere," said Ingleby, wrathfully; "a dear, sweet lamb. I suppose you like rampaging, noisy children, like your own brothers and sisters in your mother's farmhouse!"

"I like children," said Susan, bravely, "to think of other folks a little, as well as themselves. But there! it's not the child's fault; everyone in the house spoils her, and you are the worst of all, Mrs. Ingleby."

"I tell you what, Susan, I'd advise you, as a friend, to mind your own business. If you are such a blind bat as not to see what Miss Dorothy is—well, I am sorry for you, and I can't help it."

"I did not mean any offence, I am sure," said Susan, as she left the nursery. "As I said, it's not the child's fault; but it would be hard lines for her if she lost her mamma, and you too, Mrs. Ingleby."

A few minutes later, Ingleby was startled by the appearance of a little white figure in the doorway.

"Jingle," she said, in a low, choking voice, "is—my—mamma so very ill? I want to know."

"Ill? Why, no. She has got a cough which shakes her rather. But, bless your little heart—don't, Miss Dorothy, my sweet, don't."

For in a passion of weeping, Dorothy had thrown herself into her nurse's arms.

"Am I such a spoiled child?—am I, Jingle?"

"You are a dear little creature; nothing could spoil you. There, there; let me put you back to bed. Don't cry."

But Dorothy did cry, and when Ingleby had left her at last, she buried her face in the pillow, saying over to herself—

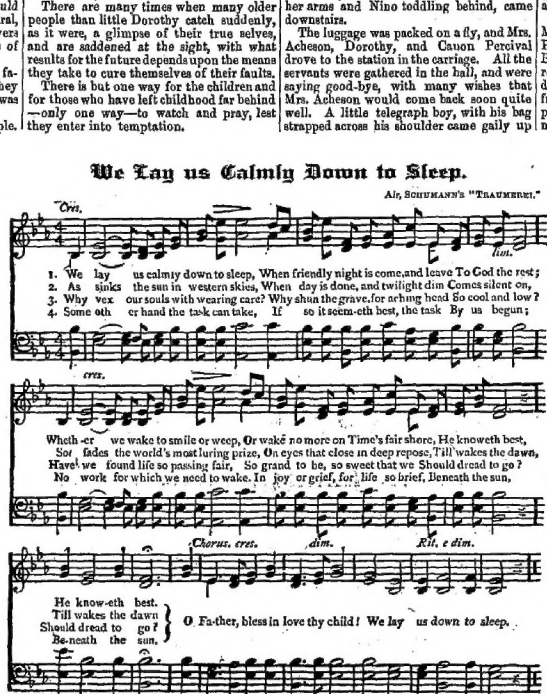
"Oh, is my mamma so ill? Will she die? Will she die? And I am such a spoiled child. Oh dear, oh dear; I never thought of it before—never, never."

There are many times when many older people than little Dorothy catch suddenly, as it were, a glimpse of their true selves, and are saddened at the sight, with what results for the future depends upon the means they take to cure themselves of their faults.

There is but one way for the children and for those who have left childhood far behind—only one way—to watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation.

We Lay us Calmly Down to Sleep.

AIR, SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."


Cres.
lan.
1. We lay us calmly down to sleep, When friendly night is come, and leave To God the rest;
2. As sinks the sun in western skies, When day is done, and twilight dim Comes silent on,
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching head So cool and low?
4. Some oth er hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best, the task By us begun;
cres.
Wheth-er we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on Time's fair shore, He knoweth best,
Sor fades the world's most luring prize, On eyes that close in deep repose, Till wakes the dawn,
Have we found life so passing fair, So grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go?
No work for which we need to wake. In joy or grief, for life so brief, Beneath the sun,
Chorus. cres. dim. Rit. e dim.
He know-eth best. Till wakes the dawn Should dread to go? Be-neath the sun,
O Fa-ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.

CHAPTER III.—OFF AND AWAY.

The excitement of preparation for departure is always infectious, and, however much Mrs. Acheson and little Dorothy had at first disliked the idea of leaving home for the winter, before the actual day for saying good-bye arrived, they were both in a measure reconciled to the coming change.

Dorothy had packed a large box, with things she must take, and Ingleby, glad she should be so amused, did not prevent her, *as she really ought to have done*; for such a strange medley as that box contained had surely scarcely ever been collected for transportation across the Channel. Paint boxes; new and old picture-books, colored by her own hand; Belinda's wardrobe—an extensive one; pencils; india-rubber; her desk; her work-box (which last, by-the-by, *was seldom used*); her "Little Arthur's History" and "Mrs. Markham's History;" boxes of dominoes and draughts; magnetic ducks and geese and fish; and many more things of the like kind, which would take me too long to enumerate.

When the luggage stood in the Hall, on the morning of departure, Canon Percival shrugged his shoulders, and gave a low whistle. "As I am courier," he said, "and must look after the luggage, I am rather alarmed to see so many boxes. What is that old box with brass nails, Ingleby?"

"Oh, that is Miss Dorothy's, sir; she packed it herself.

"With toys, I suppose, and rubbish. No, I shall not be answerable for that. If we take Nino and Belinda, that must suffice."

Ingleby looked doubtful. "The best way will be, sir, to get it carried into the servants' hall before the poor child comes down; she is breaking her heart as it is over Puff and Muff."

"Nonsense!" said Canon Percival, impatiently. "Dorothy must be more reasonable; we have spoilt her long enough."

Ingleby dreaded a scene, and began to drag away the box into a remote region behind the red baize door, hoping to get it out of sight, and out of mind, before Dorothy and her mother appeared.

She had just succeeded, and was returning breathless, when Dorothy, with Belinda in her arms and Nino toddling behind, came downstairs.

The luggage was packed on a fly, and Mrs. Acheson, Dorothy, and Canon Percival drove to the station in the carriage. All the servants were gathered in the hall, and were saying good-bye, with many wishes that Mrs. Acheson would come back soon quite well. A little telegraph boy, with his bag strapped across his shoulder came gaily up to the door. Then he took out of his bag a dark orange envelope, which often sends a thrill of fear through the hearts of those whose nearest and dearest ones are separated from them, and handed it to Canon Percival.

"A paid answer, sir," said the little messenger.

And Canon Percival, after scanning the few words, took out his pencil and wrote—

"Yes, with pleasure."

"What is it, Cranstone? nothing wrong?"

"Oh no, only that our travelling party is to be enlarged in London. Little Irene Packingham is to spend the winter at San Remo with her grandmother, and the telegram is from Mrs. Baker, the child's schoolmistress, saying Lady Burnside had telegraphed to her to communicate with me."

"How very odd not to write! It must be a sudden determination."

"Yes; but we shall not get to Paddington, much less to San Remo, if we dawdle about here any longer; come, make haste."

They were off at last, and at the station several friends appeared, who came to wish them a safe journey. Ingleby and the footman had got the luggage labelled and in the van; and Dorothy and her mother were comfortably seated in a first-class carriage, while Canon Percival stood by the door, exchanging a few last words with a gentleman; and then the guard came up with the familiar question—"Any more going?" Canon Percival jumped in, and they were gliding quietly out of the station and leaving Coldchester far behind.

For the convenience of early crossing the English Channel the next morning, the party were to sleep at the Charing Cross Hotel; and here, under the charge of one of Mrs. Baker's governesses, little Irene Packingham was waiting for them.

Dorothy's curiosity had been roused when her mother told her of a little travelling companion, but the two children stood looking at each other, shy and speechless, while Canon Percival and Mrs. Acheson were engaged talking to the governess.

She was a prim, stiff-looking elderly woman, who was the useful governess in Mrs. Baker's school. She only taught the little girls, looked after the servants, and met girls at the station, or, as in this instance, accompanied one who was leaving the school.

"Irene has not been very well of late," Miss Pearce was saying: "and Colonel Packingham seems to have written to Lady Burnside that he wished her to spend the rest of the term till after the Christmas holidays at San Remo. Mrs. Baker had a letter from Lady Burnside, requesting us to prepare Irene to start with you to-morrow morning. It is very short notice, but I hope she has her things all right."

After a few more words of a like kind, Miss Pearce said she must hasten back to St. John's Wood, and bid her little charge good-bye.

"Good-bye, Irene; I hope you will be a very good girl, and give no trouble; you have your keys in your pocket, and mind you keep the comforter well around your neck on the boat."

Then a kiss was exchanged, not a very warm one on either side, and Miss Pearce departed.

(To be Continued.)

A NEW TEMPERANCE IDEA.

"The great trouble is that people will *drink*!"

Yes, that is true, they will drink no matter how much you preach to them. But remember this: Half the time they only want the first drink because they are thirsty; and they don't want spirituous liquors; they want a drink, anything will answer; and because beer happens to be the nearest thing, they drink beer. But while we are preaching temperance, how much better to be practical and stand ready to serve these thirsty souls with a decent drink.

Perhaps you don't think it would work. Well, while you are doubting, just listen to this conversation between a bar-tender, and a reporter for a New York paper:

"Anything new in summer drinks?" the reporter asked the bar-tender.

"Yes—*No*, but *tippling in* pure *milk* is the fashion now. Hundreds and thousands of people in this city drink several glasses of milk per day, and gladly pay a nickel per glass. There is a good profit in the trade, and the restaurants and confectioners are prepared to meet the demand. Dozens of people, gentlemen and ladies, of all ages and conditions, call every day for a glass of ice-cold milk, and drink it with evident relish. Even the drug stores are beginning to see the demand, and many of them are prepared to meet it. You can go into almost any first-class drug store and obtain a large glass of pure milk, right off the ice. It is, I think, the best drink of all for hot weather. It quenches thirst, does not promote excessive perspiration and affords a healthful and easily assimilated article of food. It is largely taking the place of lager beer, as a summer drink, and it is digested and assimilated without difficulty and without over production of heat. I know several persons who during the trying days of hot weather have not eaten as much solid food as would make one square meal, yet they are in good flesh, have good appetites and excellent health and have not felt any bad effects of the heat. They are living almost entirely on bread and milk."—*Treasure Trove.*

I HAVE seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles who could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—*(Continued.)*

Rooms had been engaged on the upper floor of the big hotel, through which so many people pass, coming and going from the Continent. The party went up in a lift, which was a great novelty to Dorothy, who all this time had not spoken a single word to Irene.

A little bedroom next the one which had been arranged by Ingleby for her mistress, was found for Irene. And in a very independent, methodical way she began to lay aside her hat and jacket, take out her keys, and unlock her small travelling bag.

Dorothy, who had seated herself by the window, and was looking down in the square below, watching with deep interest the rapid passing and repassing of cabs and carriages in and out the station, did not invite any conversation.

The contrast between the two children was a very strong one, such as we generally notice between those who from their babyhood have been, as it were, little citizens of the world, and those who have been brought up as Dorothy had been, till nearly her eighth birthday, with every care and every luxury in a happy, quiet home.

Irene was tall for her age—nearly ten; and she had a determined expression on her face, as if she knew there were rough places and troubles to meet in her daily life, and that she had set herself to overcome them. She had heard a murmur of Ingleby's—"Another child to look after on the journey." And she was determined to give no trouble; she had no long hair to smooth and comb, for her hair was cut short, and her plain blue serge dress was quite free from any adornment. After Dorothy had done with the square, she turned to watch Irene's movements, and regarded her companion with a mingled wonder, and a feeling that was certainly not admiration.

Presently Dorothy called to Ingleby in the next room—

"When are you coming to undress me, Jingle? and when are we to have our tea?"

"I'll come directly, but I am busy getting your mamma's things out for the night; she must go to bed early, and so must you."

"Where's mother?" was the next question.

"In the sitting-room opposite."

"I want to go to her."

"Wait a few minutes; she is lying on the sofa, and I want her to rest."

"Where's Belinda to sleep, and Nino?"

"Dear me," said Ingleby, impatiently, "I don't know; here's the cork come out of your mamma's eau-de-Cologne flask, and everything in the travelling basket is soaked. Dear, dear!"

Dorothy now began to snatch at the buttons of her travelling ulster, and threw off the scarf round her neck.

"Let me help you," said Irene. "I am quite ready."

Dorothy was not very gracious, and as Irene tugged at the sleeves of the ulster, a lock of the silky hair caught in a button, and Dorothy screamed—

"Oh, don't! you hurt me. Oh, Jingle!"

Ingleby came running in at the cry of distress, and began to pity and console.

"I am very sorry," Irene said, moving away to the window, where, through the gathering haze of tears, she saw the gaslights beginning to start out all round the square below.

A sense of desolation oppressed her; and she wished, oh, how she wished she had stayed at Mrs. Baker's! At first it had seemed delightful to go to grannie, but now she thought anything was better than being where she was not wanted. She was roused by Ingleby's voice—

"You are to have tea in the sitting-room with Mrs. Acheson. The Canon is gone out to dine at St. Paul's Deanery; and as soon as you have had your tea, you are to go to bed."

Dorothy, shaking back her beautiful hair, ran away to a room at the end of the passage, never thinking of Irene, who followed her with the same uneasy sense of "not being wanted," which is hard for us all to bear.

CHAPTER IV.—NINO.

Mrs. Acheson roused herself to talk to the little girls, and was kindly anxious that Irene should not feel strange and unhappy. But Irene was not a child to respond quickly, and Mrs. Acheson could but contrast her with her own little Dorothy, who was so caressing and tender in her ways, and had a gentle voice, while Irene had a quick, decided way of speaking.

"Have you been unwell long, my dear?" Mrs. Acheson asked

"I have had a cough, and—and father does not wish me to keep a cough, because of mother."

"You don't remember your mother?"

"No. I have a stepmother, you know, and two little brothers."

"You will like being with your grandmama and your cousins at San Remo. Your grandmamma is such a dear old lady. Do you know, the thought of being near her reconciled me to spending the winter abroad."

Iren's face brightened at this.

"I am glad you know granny," she said.

"Your cough is very bad, I am afraid," Irene continued, as Mrs. Acheson was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

"Mother's cough is much better," Dorothy said, hotly. "Jingle says so, and she knows better than you do."

Irene made no reply to this, and soon after Ingleby came to put them both to bed.

Irene had been too much accustomed to changes to be much affected by this change, and as soon as her head touched the pillow, she was asleep. But Dorothy tossed and fidgeted, and besought Ingleby not to leave her, and persisted in holding her hand in hers, though her nurse sorely wanted rest herself, and to get all things forward for the early start the next morning.

At last Ingleby disengaged her hand from Dorothy's clinging clasp, and went downstairs to cater for some supper. But her disappearance soon roused Dorothy; she began to cry and call, "Jingle, Jingle." This woke Irene, who jumped out of her own bed in the next room, and coming to her, said, "What do you want?"

"I don't want you," was the somewhat ungracious reply. "I want Jingle or mother."

"Are you ill? have you a pain anywhere?" asked practical Irene.

"No, but I want Jingle. Oh, dear, dear!"

"If nothing is the matter, I think you ought to go to sleep, and not cry; it may frighten your mamma."

"It is so horrid here," said poor little Dorothy; "and I wonder how Puff and Muff are; and I want Nino. Why did Jingle take him away? Oh dear, dear! and there's such a buzzing noise in the street, and rumble, rumble; oh dear!"

"Do you ever try saying hymns to get yourself to sleep?" Irene asked. "If you like I'll repeat one, and then you can say it over when I get back to my own bed."

Dorothy turned her face away on the pillow, and was not very encouraging; but Irene repeated this beautiful evening hymn for a child, which I hope all the little girls and boys who read my story know with their hearts, as well as their heads.

"On the dark hill's western side,
The last purple gleam has died;
Twilight to one solemn hue
Changeth all, both green and blue.

"In the fold, and in the nest,
Birds and lambs have gone to rest.
Labor's weary task is o'er,
Closely shut the cottage door.

"Saviour, ere in sweet repose
I my weary eyelids close,
While my mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room;

"While across the curtain white,
With a dim, uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,
Let my latest thought be Thine.

"'Twas a starry night of old,
When rejoicing angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy birth
God become a child on earth.

"Soft and quiet is the bed
Where I lay my little head;
Thou hadst but a manger bare,
Rugged straw, for pillow fair.

"Saviour, 'twas to win me grace
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love,
Child and man and God above.

"Thou wast meek and undefiled;
Make me gentle, too, and mild;
Thou didst foil the tempter's power:
Help me in temptation's hour.

"Thou didst love Thy mother here,
Make me gentle, kind, and dear;
Thou didst mind her slightest word,
Teach me to obey, O Lord.

"Happy now I turn to sleep;
Thou wilt watch around me keep;
Him no danger e'er can harm
Who lies cradled in Thine arm."

When Ingleby came up, she found Dorothy sound asleep, and her arm round Irene's neck. Both children were in profound slumber. Ingleby gently lifted Irene and carried her back to her own room, Dorothy murmuring as she turned round on her pillow, "Away with the swallows, off to the sunny South."

They were off in good earnest the next morning—a bright and beautiful morning. The sea was blue and the sky clear; only a brisk wind chased the waves shoreward, and gave just that motion which to good sailors is so delightful.

There were, of course, some unhappy people, who could not bear even that gentle motion, and had to take flight to the cabin. Poor Ingleby was one of these, and in spite of all her brave attempts to keep up, she was obliged to leave the children to Canon Percival's care, and retreat with her mistress to the lower regions.

Dorothy and Irene sat together on the middle seat of the deck, with their faces to the dancing waves, over which some white birds were darting, who had their nests in the face of the cliffs of Dover. It had all the delightful sense of novelty to Dorothy, but Irene was already a traveller. In a dim, dreamy way she was thinking of her voyage home, four years before; she remembered the pain of parting with the dark-skinned ayah, and her father's sad face, as they drew near England.

Those white cliffs brought it all back to her, and she recalled how her father said—

"England was your dear mother's home, and she loved it, but she is in a better home now; I must not wish her back again."

After that her life at Mrs. Baker's was dull, and monotonous; going on and on, day after day, week after week, year after year, with but little to mark the passing away of time.

(To be Continued.)

LOST TREASURES.

"Come, Mamie darling," said Mrs. Peterson; "before you go into the land of dreams, kneel here at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what He has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother and said: "I've been naughty and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you've been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to Him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, my dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make."

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when He has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against Him again."—*Selected.*

THE MASTER knows our hearts, our circumstances, how much we give, and how much we keep back, for "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Each individual should remember that "Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury."

JOHN'S "WEEK OF SILENCE."

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

North Parish was to hold prayer-meetings the first week in January. Pastor Wilbur hoped for much from these; "if"—he told his wife—"John Alexander don't kill them. Just as sure as he gets upon his feet, the service is doomed."

"He's had hints enough lately from the leader of the meeting," said Mrs. Wilbur. "The other night, when you begged the brethren to be brief, to give short testimonies, I thought he'd surely take it to himself; but no! up he popped, and spoke with great satisfaction for nearly half an hour. Several smiled. I should have, only I knew it troubled you. He has such an exasperating way of seeming to close," continued the lady. "He acts as if he were about to seat himself. One is intensely relieved, thinking what a nice place it is for him to stop, but suddenly he revives, to go on indefinitely."

The pastor was too perplexed to smile. Some men he could have labored with, but John was "peculiar!" So, although John had become the bore of the service, the terror of the leader,—a veritable prayer-meeting killer, his pastor, as yet, rebuked him not. But often, in his devotions, he pleaded that none might unwittingly blight the seed sown during the Week of Prayer.

Later John met him.

"Seems as though it's more'n we deserve, a whole week o' meetin's, parson. Hope everybody'll tend up to 'em; stand' up 'n' testify what the Lord's done fur 'em. You can depend upon me, parson."

He paused, expectantly, as if for praise. A shadow passed over the still brightness of the minister's face, but he held his peace.

Well, the first meeting came, and so did John Alexander. The pastor, after the preliminaries, put it "into the hands of the brethren," with fear and trembling. But that night, to his intense relief, John did not rise; neither on the next, nor the next! He sat motionless, his head resting on his hand. He was not asleep, for often tears glittered in the eyes under his shaggy brows. The interest was deepening with each session; many asked that the meetings might be continued.

When Saturday night came, John rose for the first time.

"Brethren," said he, slowly and with unwonted hesitancy, "this has been a precious week to me,—this week of silence on my part. I've learned much 'n' suffered much in sperrit. I feel to say that you've borne with me too many times in this vestry; you've hed the charity that 'suffereth long and is kind.' You see, brethren, you spiled me when I was convarted. We both took it to be a great thing when the scoffer come out on the Lord's side. When I testified you listened as if I was some great divinity, till I got to thinking I could speak putty well, and, jest like a spiled child, I held forth every chance!"

John's confession came in broken sentances.

"I don't s'pose any on ye was more tickled than me, when Mr. Wilbur give notice o' these meetings a week ago last Friday night," pursued John, as simply as if he were not talking to a room full.

"All the way to Bald Hill I studied up what I'd say here, 'n' I got Sunday night putty well laid out in my mind when I reached home. I was putty tired, 'n' felt as if my rhumatics was comin' on. Belinda said the liniment man had been there with a rheumatic cure. She wanted me to try it right away. She thought he said it must be het, so we put it on the stove. My friends," continued John, with a solemnity that dispelled the ludicrousness, "it was a marcy that we both left,—Belinda for flannel and I to lock the barn; for that liniment wa'n't made to be het, and it exploded, spiling the hull kitchen! I never heered such a report!" Such was the magnetism of his earnestness that no one smiled, even when he added, "Belinda said she should alluz hev blamed herself if anything hed happened us.

"Mebbe that's why I hed a curious experience that night. Belinda says I drempt. All at once I see Grandther Alexander,—you all knew him; he was one o' the salt o' the earth! His hands was folded, 'n' his eyes closed; he was prayin', as I've seen him often. It used to rebuke my swearin' more'n anything, to feel that he was communin' with the Almighty! Then a veil passed over his prayin' face, like a cloud over the sun, and a dark presence stood over me. It was the Angel o' Death. I trembled, but plucked up desp'rite courage. 'I aint half done with earth!' says I. "Your time's come!' says he, sternly. I left the body and went with him,—how, and where, is not quite clear. Then we stood at the City gate—I knew it by the Revelation—and says he, 'Knock.' And a voice within answers, 'Who comes there?' And says I, 'I'm known on earth as John Alexander.' 'John Alexander!' says the voice, 'you cannot enter here!'"

John paused to control himself. Then, after a moment, huskily,—

"Friends, I never was so took back. I couldn't argue in that solemn brightness, but I cast about for the reason why my title to heaven wasn't clear.

"All of a sudden, I seemed to be in this 'ere vestry amongst you all. The meeting was solemn; I could see into each soul; many was longin' for a blessin'. But spilin' it all, a stumblin' block to sinners, a weariness to saints, was—was John Alexander! Up he gets and talks till I cried out. 'O man, man, why don't you think more, pray more, 'n' keep silence?' I could hear ye all sighin' in spirit; the Parson was prayin' to God to deliver the meetin', but John Alexander kep' right on, boomin' away. I see my mistake then, with anguish. Souls were hungry for God's Word, but I kep' thunderin' my words into their ears.

"No wonder the gatekeeper would not let me into heaven; there'd be no rest for the weary, no peace for the saints! 'Oh, for only one more chance!' I thought, and waked to find that I was still in the body. I've talked too long to-night, brethren,—longer than I mean to in the future. I only wish you could have seen what I saw."

John resumed his seat, burying his face again.

"My friends," said Pastor Wilbur, breaking the silence that followed, "our brother's vision speaks to us all. Let us pray more and talk less. Shall we bow in silent prayer?"

With one accord the congregation bowed. Not a rustle or movement marred the deep quiet. Into this came the spirit of prayer, opening for an instant, to John Alexander, at least, that closed gate of the heavenly inheritance; his soul was flooded with holy joy, the fruit of his first "week of silence."
—*Watchman.*

THE RESUSCITATION OF THE DROWNED.

On a beautiful summer day last year, a horseman on a foam-covered steed rode at full speed to my house with the news that on a large estate, lying more than two miles distant, the only son of the owner (a widow) had fallen into the pond and was drowned. She begged me to come to her as swiftly as possible. I had my horses at once harnessed and drove thither as fast as the team could run, yet entirely without hope of being able to give any aid, for I could hardly reach the place and scene of the misfortune in less than two hours after its occurrence. As I arrived the rejoicing mother brought me the news that the boy was saved!

The following tale was then narrated to me: The wild, ten-year old boy had, in spite of a prohibition, climbed into a skiff that lay on a deep pond in the grounds, and had, as children delight in doing, rocked it back and forth, until the skiff upset and he fell into the water. A gardener who was working in the neighborhood sprang immediately into the pond, but it was ten minutes before he succeeded in fetching the boy from the bottom of the pond. When the mother reached there and saw the boy deathly pale and lifeless on the brink of the water she gave way to wildest despair. The call for medical assistance was for the moment vain. The dwellers upon the estate hastened thither from all sides, among them an aged shepherd who had the reputation of possessing all sorts of medical knowledge. He proposed at once to attempt resuscitation.

Then a young lady stepped forward, who had been a governess in the house for only a few weeks, and modestly, but with great determination, objected to the shepherd's directions. She had only a short time before shared the instruction in a Samaritan school, and there had learned how one should carry out attempts at resuscitation upon the apparently drowned; she said that what the shepherd advised was entirely injudicious. If they would allow her to apply the knowledge she had gained she hoped that it might be possible to recall the child to life.

The composure and confidence with which the young girl spoke aroused the mother to new hope. She begged the governess to do whatever she thought necessary. Her first advice was to dispatch a swift messenger to the city for a physician; the second, to have a woollen blanket heated. Then she herself took hold, whereat the intelligent housemaid also offered to lend her aid. With a few cuts of the shears she divided the jacket and shirt and completely stripped the garments from the upper part of the body. With a handkerchief she removed the slime from the mouth, drew the tongue out and bound the tip of it on the chin with the handkerchief, then she began to carry out with the housemaid the skilful artificial respiration which she had learned in the Samaritan school. Continually, in exact time, the arms were lifted above the head, the little chest expanded as widely as possible, and then again, through depression of the arms and pressure on the sides of the chest, the breast was forced down. With distinct, audible noise the current of air flowed in and out; but the child lay pallid and lifeless if the two young women exhausted with the effort momentarily suspended their exertions. One quarter of an hour after another passed; constantly lower sank the hope of the mother and bystanders. At last, after the motions had been kept up more than an hour, suddenly the young girl cried out, "It succeeds! He begins to breathe!" And see! as she discontinued the movements, the little breast rose of itself, and a delicate flush tinged the wan cheeks! Loud rejoicing rose from the bystanders; yet the two helpers did not stop and sit down but, though almost completely exhausted, unremittingly prolonged their efforts until the cheeks reddened and the little fellow suddenly opened his eyes.

Now, at the bidding of the young Samaritan, the heated blanket was brought, in which the boy, after the removal of his other garments, was wrapped in and with which he was then energetically rubbed. The boy began to speak, and desired something to drink. They prepared him some warm tea, and carried him wrapped up in blankets into the house and put him in bed, where he soon fell into a deep sound sleep; and when I went to his bed, two hours later, he complained of nothing further.—*Prof. F. Esmarch, Samaritan Letters.*

WE MAY SAY that partly from our own badness and partly from theirs, all mankind, kindred and strangers, are a trial to our patience in some way or other. When we are engaged with others in any kind of work, or are constantly in society of others, our patience is often exercised. We encounter stupid, ill-tempered, or importunate people, and we do not remember to look at each such meeting as a gift from God, who is going to watch how we behave, and visit us accordingly.—*F. W. Faber.*

Question Corner.—No. 8.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. The inhabitants of what city were commended for their knowledge of the Scriptures?
2. To what city did Paul and Barnabas escape when persecuted at Antioch?
3. In what city was Paul stoned and left for dead?
4. In what city did Peter raise Tabitha to life.
5. Of what city was Paul a native?
6. Where was the home of Jason?
7. What city was the scene of a touching farewell in the life of Paul?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

1. Antioch in Syria. Acts 11; 26.
2. Antioch in Pisidia. Acts 13: 14-50.
3. Athens. Acts 17: 22-31.
4. Cæsarea. Acts 10: 1.
5. Corinth. Acts 18: 1, 2.
6. Ephesus. Acts 19: 27.

"HIGHLY APPRECIATED."

WHAT THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER" IS THOUGHT OF.

"The *Northern Messenger* is highly appreciated by all denominations here," writes an old subscriber from Lakeview, N. B. "and I would not do without it, although in my 62nd year. To a Bible student it is invaluable."

PRIZE WINNERS.

The following is the list of the prize winners in the *Northern Messenger* money competition:—

	Prize.	Amount sent.
1st. J. H. Miller, Ontario.....	$10 00	$12 50
2nd. B. W. Miller, Ontario.....	6 00	9 00
3rd. Miss Maggie Steacey, Ontario..	4 00	8 70
4th. John Sturk, Nova Scotia.....	2 50	6 50
5th. Miss Amelia Butterfield, Mass..	2 50	6 30
6th. Geo. P. Forsey, Newfoundland.	1 00	6 25

As will be seen the amounts sent in by our workers are not large. Two of them being equal we divide the 4th and 5th prizes between the senders. If no objections be raised to the list within two weeks we shall forward the money to those who are respectively entitled to it as above.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

1 copy, - - - - -	30 cents
10 copies - - - - -	$ 2 50
25 copies - - - - -	6 00
50 copies - - - - -	11 50
100 copies - - - - -	22 00
1,000 copies - - - - -	200 00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.
Mention this Paper.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS
Their Seeds are Popular because they are good.

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world.
D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1887 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO.
Windsor, Ont.

DEAF.—A very interesting 30-page book on Deafness, Noises in the Head, &c. How relieved. Sent free. Address NICHOLSON, 177 McDougall st., New York.

90 LOVELY SCRAP PICTURES.—Agents' Canvassing Outfit Cards and Novelties, with private terms. Also, 25 large Rich Embossed Motto and Verse Chromos. Your name on each for only 10c silver.
Address EUREKA CARD CO., Bolton, Que.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal, and James Duncan Dougall, of New York.